

THE COLONEL'S WIFE

BY
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CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

As he finally passed beyond the enemy's pickets and felt safe, his thoughts began to turn once more towards Lyndhurst.

He wondered whether the old darky with his snail-moving mule could have arrived and delivered the note Major Worden had so kindly written concerning his fate.

If so, how would she receive it? Colonel John wanted to be magnanimous, but he was deeply interested here, and he never in his life wished so much for anything as a chance to witness what occurred when that note was delivered.

It would possibly settle some little matters in his mind, which were beginning to worry him.

And thinking thus, he reached the gate that opened into the spacious grounds of Lyndhurst.

Then the house loomed up. Lights could still be seen about the house, though the hour was close on to midnight.

He wondered at this, for they retired early as a usual thing.

Upon entering the house John felt a deep satisfaction over his escape. Somehow he seemed to associate it with Mollie—why not, when she was the prime cause of his adventure?

He advanced to the library; a voice fell upon his ears, a voice that was peculiar, and which he knew belonged to the odd genius of a darky who had driven the mule by means of which Worden conducted his prisoner of war to the shell-wrecked house.

The special courier had arrived ahead of him.

Colonel John halted just beyond the door. A mirror in the hall reflected the interior of the library, and he could see that Mollie was alone with Worden's messenger, who was fumbling in the pockets of his ragged army coat.

"I done speak I lost 'im missy. De majah he skin dis darky alibe if dat be true. I'd jest as soon be dat Yank wif de rope round his neck as dis ole coon. Dar's on'y one last chance dat I put it in de blin' ob my hat. Shore

at the door and strained his hearing to catch what she said.

He saw her press a small kerchief to her eyes—she was weeping for him. Ye gods! how it thrilled John Ridgeway—he had never before felt the influence of the divine spark, and as is natural, when a man reaches the age of thirty without having given any time to love matters, then the shock when it comes has an irresistible force.

Then her frame seemed shaken with emotion, and the tears could be seen glistening in her eyes as she turned to the negro.

"Do you really believe they—hung him, Pomp?" she asked, with a tremor in her voice.

"I speaks dey did, missy. Dar was a look on de majah's face dat mean business. I done reckons him goose cooked shunh."

"The contemptible wretch, to think the way to a woman's heart is over the body of her husband—for he was such to me by law, even if I did say I hated him. Poor John! I did not know—prejudice blinded me. As for Basil Worden, I shall never speak to him again. He has created an abyss between us that will live forever, and cannot be bridged. Oh! John, why did you come to arouse these strange feelings in my heart? I thought I was devoted body and soul to the cause, but now I feel strange doubts arising. We are losing the game—perhaps his side is the right one after all."

She seemed to sadly muse, and the unseen witness was wondering how he could disclose his presence without giving her too great a shock, when suddenly she looked directly at him.

He advanced. Her pallor gave way to a rosy blush—she even looked glad for a moment, though quickly allowing a shade of anger to sweep over her face.

"So, you are alive after all—was this a trick on your part to unmask my feelings? It would be contemptible if true," she flashed.

"What you say is quite just. As it happens I have just escaped from your friends, leaving them in the old house with some wounds to care for and an

She was gone, and Colonel John, left alone in the library, paced up and down for half an hour wrapped in thought, and judging from the smile upon his face, he must have had pleasant cogitations.

Then he went out to give more positive orders to the men on guard, having an idea that the venomous Major Worden might make still another attempt to unhorse him.

Morning came without further adventure, and with it a sudden order from headquarters calling for Colonel John's presence.

He was not even given a chance to see Mollie again, but looking back as he galloped down the avenue he saw a fluttering white kerchief held in a hand that protruded from the shutters of her room, and raised his cap in answer.

Reaching Sherman's quarters, he received instructions to get his command in readiness for immediate action.

Already a relief detachment had gone forward to assume the guardianship of Lyndhurst, and John would thus have all that was left of his command.

Upon leaving Atlanta their course was almost directly northwest, through the rugged defiles of the great chain of mountains that guards the border line between the three states, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Few knew whither they were going.

Sherman kept his secret well. Among the officers, however, the facts were known.

In his march from Chattanooga to Atlanta the Federal general had been compelled to fight almost every foot of the way.

To accomplish this, indeed, to remain even at Atlanta for months it was necessary that his line of communication with Chattanooga remain intact.

Of course, once Atlanta fell, the Confederates saw the chance to reduce their victorious enemy, and for the time their energies were devoted to the task of cutting off his line of communications.

If this could be done, Sherman would be in a serious condition indeed. There promised to be some lively times on the scenes of former desperate battles.

Colonel John and his regiment had been ordered to join the column about to move back to the relief of the brave general who had been left among the mountains of Georgia to guard Altoona Pass, a point of immense value to Sherman in keeping up communications with his base of supplies at Chattanooga.

Messages had been received from General Corse, messages that told of overwhelming foes against which he and his little command were holding out with a bravery born of desperation.

So abrupt was their departure, owing to the need of haste, that Colonel John was not given a chance to have another interview with the girl whom the fortune of war had made his wife. He sent her a message, however, just as they were leaving the city.

The march was one of haste. Should Altoona Pass be taken by the enemy, much of Sherman's hard work must be done over again.

That meant desperate fighting, climbing the granite-faced hills in the midst of a deadly fire, of awful hand-to-hand fights—all this and more if brave Corse had been compelled to surrender before Sherman arrived to succor him.

There were not many obstacles in the way.

(To be continued.)

His Prize.

A Pittsburg widower, while away from home on a business trip, met and married a lady who, though famed for her goodness of heart, would be spoken of even by her friends as "plain."

The man believed that she would be a kind mother to his two children, however, and as she was also possessed of a fair amount of this world's goods, was not inclined to expect the beauty of the peach in a potato.

After his marriage he telegraphed to the eldest of his children, a girl of fifteen:

"Have won a prize. Am married. Will be home to-morrow."

When the bride and groom arrived, the children were watching at the door, and at sight of their future mother, gave a little gasp of consternation.

The second child, a boy, nudged his sister and whispered:

"Say, Nell, that must have been the consolation prize that pa got!"—Harper's Weekly.

Germ.

Cupid was showing us through his laboratory. There were rows and rows of great jars that contained the germs that thrive in kisses.

"Show us the most harmless germ," we implored.

Cupid removed the cover from a big green jar.

"These are the most harmless. They are found in the kisses of schoolgirls and elderly maidens."

"And now the most dangerous germs."

Cautiously Cupid unscrewed the cover of a steel protected jar.

"Here are the most dangerous of all. They are found in the kisses of chorus girls and grass widows."

London's Latest Fad.

The Anglo-French "entente cordiale" has resulted in London traders labelling goods in their show windows "tres jolies," "recherche," "bon goût," "la dernière," etc. Anything Frenchy is the correct thing in London now.

Too many men who run into debt don't even attempt to crawl out.

Pensioned from Birth.
Miss Robb, who recently died in Edinburgh at the age of 94, had been on the English navy pension roll since birth, as she was the posthumous child of Capt. Robb, of the royal navy.

Salt Lake City, Utah, October 3rd, 1907.

The business of the late John McVicker, Assayer, will be continued by his wife, at his request, under the name of John McVicker Assay Office at 46 Richards St. Mr. Arthur Selby, for three years at the Union office, will act as manager, which will be a guarantee that all work done at the office will be satisfactory.

Mrs. McVicker and Mr. Selby ask that all old customers continue their patronage and solicit new work from their friends.

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I see in their window a
17 Jewel Hampden Watch \$14.75
15 Jewel Hampden Watch 12.75
Thin model and 20-year guarantee case. This looks good to me. I'm going to buy one right away.
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California
Winter Excursion Tickets now on sale.
SALT LAKE ROUTE
The Route of the Los Angeles Limited—Utah's Finest Train.
New Short Line to Goldfield, Nevada, via Las Vegas Now Completed.
Leaves Salt Lake City 7:15 p. m. today; Arrives Goldfield 7:05 p. m. tomorrow.
Ask the Agent, or Address J. H. Burtner, District Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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I subscribe hereby for _____ shares of stock, fully paid and non-assessable, of the "St. Patrick Mining & Milling Co.," at the price of Ten Cents a share, for which I enclose \$ _____ as first payment, balance to be paid in four equal monthly installments.

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Over 15,000 already bought by eager Investors and we now offer the 35,000 shares remaining of its first block of treasury stock placed upon the market at the low price of ten cents per share. The proceeds of the sale will be judiciously expended to the further development of the property, which is located in Big Cottonwood Mining District, Salt Lake County.

The Board of Directors are A. J. Smith, President; Hans H. Peterson, Vice-President; B. A. M. Froiseth, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Leona F. Smith and David A. Buck. The latter is also superintendent.

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Don't delay, buy now, and get in on the ground floor.

Utah, and consists of six promising mining claims. Over fifteen hundred dollars have already been expended in development work since date of incorporation, February, 1906, consisting of over 500 feet of tunnels and inclines. Minerals already found carry values in Copper, Gold, Silver, Lead and Iron. We are now driving the tunnel ahead to cut the mineral vein which is believed to be an extension of the well known Maxfield mine, that has already produced hundred of thousands of dollars.

The property is equipped with hoisting and pumping engines, ore cars and steel rails in tunnel. Our company is capitalized at 250,000 shares, of which 100,000 shares are set aside for working capital, and the remaining 150,000 shares of stock is pooled until at least one-half or more of its treasury stock is sold.

Bear in mind that this stock is unassessable, and that private property of stockholders is not liable for corporation indebtedness.

- \$ 5.00 down and \$5.00 monthly for four months buys 250 shares.
- \$ 10.00 down and \$10.00 monthly for four months buys 500 shares.
- \$ 20.00 down and \$20.00 monthly for four months buys 1000 shares.
- \$ 30.00 down and \$30.00 monthly for four months buys 1500 shares.
- \$ 40.00 down and \$40.00 monthly for four months buys 2000 shares.
- \$100.00 down and \$100.00 monthly for four months buys 5000 shares.



WORDEN'S MESSAGE

nough, de kentry am sated agin," and he triumphantly dragged forth the missive that had been intrusted to his care.

"Is this for me?" she asked, receiving it.

"He done said so, missy."

"Who gave it to you?" unfolding it.

"De majah wid de curly mustache and de fierce eyes wat make a tremble come up from old Pomp's shoes."

Her eyes were fixed upon the page. Colonel John moved a step nearer, and, unobserved by either, stood in the doorway, his gaze fastened upon the face of the Southern girl, his wife by the fortune of war. It was as though he expected to read his fate there.

Over her usually composed features there shot a sudden look of alarm, of even horror, as she read Worden's message.

"Can it be possible they have done this terrible thing? Why, I saw him here only a few hours ago, alive and well. At eleven—it is now half past. And Worden has done this—he expects to win my esteem by such an act. Colonel John was an enemy to my country, but an honorable foe. To me he was a friend. Oh! I cannot believe this—it is a dream. He cannot be dead—that would be too cruel. I have seen a cousin and a brother go to battle never to return, and now the same fate overtakes this—friend."

She suddenly caught the darky's arm.

"Pomp, were you present when this terrible thing was done—answer me."

"Deed an' I wasn't, missy, but dey had de rope all ready, an' de Yankee ossifer he smoke um cigar jest as cool as a cucumber," returned the ebony messenger, showing his ivorys.

She wrung her hands in distress.

"It is too late then. He has before now suffered the extreme penalty of the court-martial. If I had only known of it in time I would have saved him, even as he did me from the burning house. Oh! I shall never forget the clasp of his strong arm as he bore me out of the flames. I awoke then to a knowledge of the fact that I no longer hated him as formerly."

Sweet words to the man who stood

empty noose on their hands. Hence, you see I don't merit your sarcasm."

She looked into his face eagerly as if desirous of reading the truth.

"Can it be possible—you would not deceive me?"

"Why should I? See, my six-shooter is empty—upon my wrists notice the marks where the cord cut into my flesh, and here we have the burn that inevitably followed when I applied the fire of my cigar to my bonds at the last minute. To clinch the matter you have the major's message."

"It is true, I am glad you escaped, John Ridgeway," averting her eyes.

"Is that all, Mollie?" advancing another step.

"Why, what more can I say?" trembling.

He picked up her kerchief.

"This is moist—I saw you cry—tears shed for me! Ah, Mollie, I dare not say more—that oath prevents my making advances—they must come from you. I pray you let no false modesty stand in the way to wreck our lives."

She suddenly held out her hand.

"How can I help it, John Ridgeway? I hate you no longer. We are friends—yes, you may even hope. Let me go now, please. Good night, John."

CHAPTER XXIV.

War in the Mountain Passes.

Though strongly tempted to take her in his arms John forbore, and it was just as well, for Mollie had not yet realized that she loved him, this man whom a strange fate had made her husband.

He squeezed the little hand, while his eyes eloquently declared the burning language his dumb lips dared not speak, for there was no clause in that contract prohibiting the language of the soul.

Then he dropped her hand.

"Good night—God bless you, my dear girl. I shall hope, yes, more, I will believe that when this cruel war is over, and the North and South are again united as of old, you will not deny me the privilege of calling you by that blessed name of—wife. I shall say no more—good night."